

The Middletown Transcript.

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NO. 14.

Miscellaneous Adver's.

No Whiskey!

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is one of the very few tonic medicines that are not composed mostly of alcohol or whiskey, thus becoming a fruitful source of intemperance by promoting a desire for rum.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is guaranteed to be a non-intoxicating stimulant, and it will, in nearly every case, take the place of all liquor, and at the same time absolutely kill the desire for whiskey and other intoxicating beverages.

Rev. G. W. Rice, editor of the *American Christian Review*, says of Brown's Iron Bitters:

Cin., O., Nov. 16, 1881.
Gents:—The foolish indulgence of vital force in business, pleasure, and vicious indulgence of our people, makes your preparation a necessity; and if applied, will save hundreds who resort to saloons for temporary recuperation.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS has been thoroughly tested for dyspepsia, indigestion, biliousness, weakness, debility, overwork, rheumatism, neuralgia, consumption, liver complaints, kidney troubles, &c., and it never fails to render speedy and permanent relief.



HISTORY REPEATED.

Penn's advent in this country two hundred years ago may be regarded as that of a Clothier. We continue in the same line upon similar principles of equity and prudence, but with enlarged facilities and superior advantages to the customer, who has not only a large stock from which to select, but the privilege of returning goods and getting back the money on all purchases that cannot otherwise be made satisfactory.

A. C. Yates & Co.,

LEDGER BUILDING, Chestnut & Sixth Sts.,
mech-2m PHILADELPHIA.

IF YOU WANT TO SAVE YOURSELF A GREAT DEAL OF SUFFERING, AND A VALUABLE TIME, AND PREVENT A LITTLE OF YOUR MONEY, AND IF YOU WANT TO HAVE YOUR HEALTH, CURE YOUR COUGHS, BY USING

HASSON'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF TAR!

IT WILL CURE—
COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, CHRONIC CATARRHS, SORE THROAT, CROUP, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, WHOOPING COUGH,
AND ALL DISEASES OF THE THROAT AND LUNGS.

How many persons old and young who suffer from a "Pain in the Breast," "Sore Throat," or a "Slight Cough," are aware of the importance of attending to them in the first stage, they live on from day to day, regarding them as little or no consequence, and without reflecting for a moment on the fatal termination of such diseases if neglected at the commencement. All those who have been neglecting their Cough or Cold, or were tampering with them by using some useless quack preparation, should procure at once a bottle of the above Syrup. It is recommended by some of the most eminent physicians in the country, and by thousands of persons who have used it and obtained a cure when everything else had failed to give relief.

Prepared only by
RUSSELL & NEWBOURNE,
PHILADELPHIA.

AND FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
Jan. 15.

J. P. DOUGHTEN,

DEALER IN

MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS!

Constantly in receipt of
ALL THE NEW AND EXCLUSIVE NOVELTIES IN MEN'S FURNISHINGS!

Gloves, Hosiery, Underwear,
Collars, Cuffs, Neckwear,
AND MANUFACTURERS OF THE

Celebrated PARAGON SHIRT,
No. 410 MARKET ST.,
Aug. 26-41.

Miss ADDIE HAZZARD!

TEACHER OF

Instrumental Music,

Is now ready to receive Pupils and give them careful instruction.

TERMS, \$10 PER QUARTER.

Rooms at residence of Mrs. Morton on Green street.

THE MOTTO IN A WEDDING RING.

A lover gave the wedding ring
Into the golden band,
"Grave me," he said, "a tender thought
Within this golden band,
The goldsmith grav'd,
With careful art,
"Till Death us part."

The wedding bells rang gladly out,
The husband said, "O wife,
Together we will share the grief,
The happiness of life,
Leave to thee
My hand, my heart,
"Till Death us part."

"Twas she that lifted now his hand
(O love, that this should be),
Then on it placed the golden band,
And whispered, tenderly:
"Till Death us join,
Lo, thou art mine,
And I am thine!"

"And when Death joins we never more
Shall know an aching heart;
The bridal of that better love
Death has no power to part.
That truth will be
For thee and me
Eternally."

So up the hill and down the hill
Through fifty changing years,
They shared each other's happiness,
They dried each other's tears.
Alas! alas!
That Death's cold dart
Such love can part!

But one sad day she stood alone
And drew the ring from off her hand,
And the goldsmith said:
"Oh, man, who grav'd
With careful art,
"Till Death us part,"
"Till Death us join."

"Now grave four other words for me:
"Till Death us join." He took
The precious golden band once more,
With solemn, wistful look,
And wrought with care,
For love, not coin,
"Till Death us join."

—Harper's Weekly.

A DAUGHTER OF MIDAS.

Miss Van Arsdale, like the fleshpots of Egypt, was good to look at in the eyes of man, and she lived up Vermont avenue, in a blood-red Elizabethan palace, all gables and stained glass and olive shingled porches—a structure where high art raged rampant, where everything that wasn't old English was intensely Japanese, and everything that wasn't Japanese was old English, except Mr. Van Arsdale, who was intensely Dutch, indeed.

Down by the "Flats" there is a horrid dingy yard that slopes to the festering river. Not a nice place to look at, with the green slime and snake weeds for ever before one's eyes, and the odor of death for ever in one's nostrils, but a nice place to *own*; for mines of coal and forests of wood had found their way there, to be turned into gold at the Midas touch of Mr. Van Arsdale's fingers.

Miss Van Arsdale carried her dimples and diamonds to parties, and came home tricked off like a Comanche warrior, with twenty German favors dangling at her belt—favors that meant—ah, bliss!—twenty stab-thrusts for the twenty "disengagements," which watched with laughing eyes and bleeding vanity as she won her trophies in the dance.

Miss Van Arsdale considered herself musical, and though Society liked her register to the still, small voice of conscience, and paid its ovations in deference to Mr. Van Arsdale's notes, rather than those of his daughter's, she placidly accepted the delicious falsehoods it lavished upon her, and went on singing worse than ever.

Miss Van Arsdale painted impossible pink roses on severely green stems, and Society called her a Bonheur. What likeness could be traced between her stiff-necked blossoms and Berkshire cattle even she was puzzled to discover; but she took it all in good faith, and revenged herself on Society by painting plaques for her friends.

Society can stand a great deal of dust in its eyes—gold dust—but when it praised Miss Van Arsdale's clover-pink cheeks and big, wonderful eyes—German blue they were, with silver flickers in them—it honestly meant every word that it said; for she was absolutely beautiful, from a dressy point of view!

Mr. Van Arsdale was not—indeed, there was nothing beautiful about Mr. Van Arsdale, except his love for his only child—a love in which Society could pick but a single flaw, and the Queen's big diamond has two!

He was a shabby little millionaire, plain of feature and shy of speech. His hands were as brown and dry as the chips in his own yard, and you were pretty sure, if one scratched him, he would run savdust instead of blood. He was so old as to look quite moldy, and his clothes, in point of age, were certainly entitled to a vote.

When his daughter demanded her palace and set up a fur-caped coachman, he gave her the money with all his heart; but when, as a disastrous consequence, she handed him over to an Avenue tailor to do with as Fashion ordained, so little did he appreciate the eternal fitness of the things given him to wear, that he returned to what one, at a stretch, might term the friends of his youth, and went about his business in a hopeless state of revolt.

When he did not spend his evenings his dismal office in the wood-yard with another shabby old millionaire who owned the wharf alongside, or at "Amber's," he generally managed to worry through the time at home, though it was dull enough with Minerva always away. He was a patient little man, however, and would wait up with an almost childish wishfulness to get a carelessly kind good-night from his daughter as she flashed up the oaken stairs.

Girls don't mean harm, they only do it. Miss Van Arsdale loved her father, of course, but he knew better than to presume upon the relationship, and as he never expected her to put her young arms around his neck, or kiss his withered lips, he wasn't disappointed because she failed to do it.

Society was quite in the middle of its Easter ball, and Miss Van Arsdale, looking like a glorified Easter candle in cream satin with big diamonds flaming in her ears, was singing moths to her heart's content, when the ominous news came that Mr. Van Arsdale had

been taken ill down town and brought home dying in a cab.

Restless eyes staring at everything and seeing nothing, palsied fingers and twitching lips—was this her father? Miss Van Arsdale's pride fell from her like Cinderella's rags, and burying her face in the pillow she sobbed with the willful grief of a child.

"If you do not stop crying like that," came a low, warning voice somewhere from among the shadows, "I shall be obliged to send you away."

Miss Van Arsdale's head shot up from the pillow, and her fingers tightened over the hand that lay helplessly in hers.

"I thought it was an understood thing between us that you were never to come here again."

Her voice might have belonged to that other Minerva, so hard and cold it fell on the deadly quiet of the room. If it fell hard and cold on the heart of her listener, he made no other sign than to step from the background into the ring of dim light under the chandelier.

"As a friend of yours, yes," he answered, in the same even fashion, "but as I brought him home, I shall remain here until his own physician arrives."

His own physician, indeed! When had he ever allowed himself an ache or pain or an ill day to be sick in? All her life he had worked like a convict to keep up a style he cared nothing about, to buy satins whose colors he could not guess, jewels whose very names he did not know—and now it had brought him to this! She had always been fond enough of him in an underhand fashion, but deep down in her heart she knew she had been ashamed of him, and the knowledge cut like a knife.

"Is he—very ill?" she asked, in a frightened whisper.

"But not that?" she cried, starting up and facing him with horror-stretched eyes. "You don't mean that he will—"

She tried to utter the evil word, but it stuck crosswise in her throat, so he kindly said it for her.

"Die? I think not, I hope not—there—there," he continued, soothingly, as if to an unreasonable child, "there's really no need to be so upset, Minerva. I have done all that is needed until you send for his doctor."

"No one else shall come near him!" she cried eagerly, with the hope he had given her shining in her tearful eyes.

"I will trust him to no one but you."

"Then, if that be the case," he interrupted, cheerily, "I shall begin operations by putting you out of the room."

She followed him to the door obediently enough, then turned at the last step, and with a pitiful sob threw her arms round his knees by the bed.

Without a word Mr. Van Arsdale's physician lifted her by the shoulders, gently forced her outside the door, and turned the key in the lock.

When, a little over a year ago, the engagement existing between Miss Van Arsdale and Dr. Matthews, her cousin, was broken, Society nodded its approval without in the least knowing why, except upon the general principle that it is always foolish for a daughter of Midas to waste her money on an ordinary man who can earn his own living while there is no end of legation youths, with titles a yard long, waiting in beautiful helplessness for a rich wife to take them off their hands; but when, a few months later, she tripped off to the wilds of Pennsylvania, and came home engaged again—this time to a mere nobody, from nowhere in particular—Society lifted its hands, and doubtless would have washed them of her altogether only the Elizabethan palace flashed into existence just then, with its house-warmings, kettle-drums and high teas without number, which kept Society in a slavish state of adulation until Easter brought with it the sudden illness of Mr. Van Arsdale. Society called it a mysterious illness, touched its forehead suggestively, and, after a bit, went off to its summer's pleasures and bothered no more about him.

June roses, pink and yellow, choked up the throats of Miss Van Arsdale's gaily Japanese vases; June sunshine lay in flickering patches across the antique floor of her sitting-room, against the Oriental dado, over the bamboo chairs and Old English tables, up and down the white loveliness of her dress, as Dr. Matthews stepped briskly in the midst of it all to tell her that at last his patient was strong enough to be moved.

"A whiff of country air won't harm you," he remarked, at last, with a professional glance at her face.

It wasn't much to look at, Miss Van Arsdale felt, with the pink gone out of her cheeks, and all the fluffiness brushed from her hair, so she turned it away.

"Of course you have some preference as to scenery, so—"

"What difference does it make where we go?" she interrupted, wearily. "Pa is too weak to hunt up views, and I hate them!"

"I suggested Pen Hill to your father,"

"What on earth made you do that?"

she demanded, sitting bolt upright and staring at him with wrathful eyes.

Dr. Matthews suddenly discovered that the ceiling was peacock-blue.

"I only wanted to please you," he remarked, to that particular feature of Miss Van Arsdale's room, "and I supposed I was going the right way about it, because"—lowering his glance from the blue of the ceiling to the blue of her eyes—"because your young man lives there. You see, I don't know his name, so I give him the benefit of youth, though for all I know he may be quite as venerable as myself."

Miss Van Arsdale, amiably, "he is not only young but extremely pretty."

Dr. Matthews was neither, and he knew it.

"A beautiful young man is a well-spring of delight," he answered, affably.

"He is more than that—he is honest!" replied Miss Van Arsdale, calmly. "You wouldn't catch him making love to his cousin for her money."

"Perhaps she has none!" he suggested.

"There is something," she went on, loftily, ignoring the stones he was throwing at her idol—"there is something in being loved for one's self alone, and he loved me from the very first—it was at Morrison's picnic—though I might have been a scrub-girl for all he knew or cared."

"You look so very like a scrub-girl," he remarked, after a slow inventory of her slim muslin figure, with its bunch of roses tucked in her belt and a big single one in her knot of golden-red hair.

"And to this day!"—triumphantly—"he does not suspect that I have a single penny."

Another inventory of the big milky pearls screwed in some heathenish fashion half-way up her ears, of the bangles and jeweled fingers—Miss Van Arsdale was barbaric in her love for shining things—and then Dr. Matthews shrugged his shoulders and turned towards the door.

"I don't wonder you love so noble a creature," he said, lightly, though there was a pained look about his eyes, if only Miss Van Arsdale could have seen it. "He must be quite as green and fresh as the vegetables of his own raising."

"Love him!" she exclaimed, in such utter amazement that he turned to look at her, and, having looked, crossed the room till he came quite close to her chair.

"You say that as if you hated him; and yet you mean to be his wife?"

"Why not?" she asked, defiantly.

"He is a good man, and after being deceived once"—Miss Van Arsdale hesitated, lowered her eyes because she could not face what she saw burning in those others, and then bravely picked up her words again—"I was so much obliged to him for loving me for myself, that I am afraid I said 'Yes'; and 'Thank you, too!' I suppose"—unflinchingly—"I ought to be brave enough to stay single and go in for surface, and I wish now I could, because, do you know, it makes me sick when I think of my future George and his domestic virtues—absolutely ill!"

"Then you want a doctor immediately," said her cousin, making a praiseworthy effort to appear as disinterested as the occasion seemed to require. "I don't suppose you realize it, Minerva, but you are showing yourself up to be a very foolish sort of girl—worse than that, for you may break the heart of an honest man when he finds out for himself your silly reason for marrying him."

"I have tried to find some excuse for myself"—patetically—"just like people hunt up shelter in a storm—but I can't find any. I did not use to mind being foolish until poor dear pa's goodness showed me up in my wickedness. Indeed, I mean to be a good wife, but just look"—darting to a table (old English), opening with vicious haste an album lying upon it, and thrusting it under his eyes—"just look at that picture, and tell me if a girl of any taste could be expected to adore the original!"

"George Miller!" exclaimed Dr. Matthews.

"George Miller!" gasped Miss Van Arsdale.

Dr. Matthews banged the album on the old English table. Miss Van Arsdale sank back in the Japanese chair.

"Look here, Minerva," he went on, in a quick excited voice, "I am speaking to you as a cousin—mind that—because your father's sick, and there's no one to help you out of a fix but me. If that scandalous old he knew nothing of you, he lied. For heaven's sake, don't go on like that. He wanted me to introduce him to you three years ago, and I wouldn't. You believe me, don't you?"

"Is there no truth in the world, then?" she asked, lifting her head presently in a wistful sort of way.

"You don't mean to pin your faith to a cad like that?" he said, in fine disgust. "The world is full of men who would love you without caring a continental for your bank account."

"You did not," she said, simply.

"So your friend said."

"Amanda Jones my friend! The mean, deceitful — And I don't care if you spend every cent I've got in the world, John."

"Minerva," remarked Dr. Matthews, severely, "perhaps it would be proper in you to wait till I ask for it."

She had not long to wait. By the time Society came home she had married her rather oldish cousin, and was painting him a very green plaque with some very red art on it by way of grateful thanks.

And when, at last, Society found out the cause of Mr. Van Arsdale's illness, it loudly asserted that it always knew Minerva Van Arsdale would ruin her father sooner or later with her foolish extravagance; and as to Dr. Matthews, he must be a venturesome man indeed to go and buy that house in and set her father on his business legs again, after the scandalous way she served him.

We are afraid that that New York editor who had his body escorted to the grave by a band of music won't have one to meet him on the other side.

—Salem Sunbeam.

A SALMON WHEEL.

One pleasant evening, at the Cascades of the Columbia, in Oregon, I walked up to see a salmon wheel. It is the simplest, most famous way of catching fish I know of, and one of the most picturesque.

The Cascades, as their name indicates, occupy a space several miles in length where the Columbia River is obstructed by dykes of lava that have been thrown across its course, causing the water to rush down in a series of small cataracts and boiling torrents, impossible for a boat to stem, and which puts the salmon to their best paces to surmount.

At a convenient point on the southern bank of these cascades, where a narrow and deep race-way swept between the shore and a small ledge of rocks, a frame had been planted, in which swung a vertical wheel like a steamer's side wheel, the diameter of which was perhaps forty feet, and the breadth of the paddles seven feet. Most of the paddles, however, had been dispensed with, the interior of the wheel being chiefly taken up by two great gears or buckets of wire netting.

These buckets were somewhat funnel-shaped compartments, diminishing in a curve from the opening, some five feet square at the rim, to the centre of the wheel, and there terminating in a wooden trough laid in a slanting position along the axle.

This huge wheel was hung low enough so that the open ends of the netting buckets should be immersed at every turn, and they were so arranged that the wheel being *undershot*, as to enter the water on the up-stream side with a downward motion. Anything swimming up the river under the wheel, therefore, would go straight into the mouth of the funnel as the wheel came around, and would be scooped up.

Carried aloft in this surprising fashion, the unharmed fishes made the most frantic leaps in the hope of escape; but the swift revolution of the wheel, elevating their prison, almost instantly hurled them down to the axle, where they slid out of the inclined and slippery trough into a pen of logs prepared for their reception.

I was foolish enough to go out and stand with the owner upon a slender board that overhung the water near the wheel; foolish, because the racing current underneath, the whirling motion of the great machines so close to my face, and the tremendous noise of the rushing and tumbling waters combined to bewilder one's faculties dangerously unless he was trained to it. However, no harm came, and the manager shouted into my ear upon my slender bridge a bookful of interesting knowledge about salmon and their ways, distinguishing the different sorts by such names as "Chinook" (best of all), "steel-head," "blue-belly," "July salmon," "spring salmon," etc., and pointing out each as an example came up in the wheel.

"How many will you catch a day?" I ask.

"That varies greatly in different years and on different days. To-day we have got 2800 so far, but we consider that light. One day we took over eleven thousand, and then stopped counting. The pen got full, and there was a regular stream of fish flopping through the wheel, slapping down into the heap, and then sliding off into the water again. I reckon they took a square drink after that bit 'o' luck."

"I should think the fish would avoid this big trap."

"They don't see it in time," he answered. "And I reckon their minds is full of the spawmin', and they don't notice much. However, you can make 'em do it. Now that man over on the island there"—pointing to a similar wheel, except that the buckets were made of laths instead of netting—"ain't havin' no luck, because the salmon see his wooden boxes and shy off. I experimented a long time, and I find they can see and will scare at any colored thing except this galvanized gray wire, or else scarlet—they can't see scarlet at all."

All this time the huge wheel, revolving three times in a minute, was picking up entrapped fishes, sometimes more than one at a time. They seemed to come in pairs, two of the same sort rising together or in immediate succession. There were intervals when none were caught at all, followed by short periods of plenty, marking the passage of "schools." Some of the "Julys" weighed forty pounds, and were strong enough to make the biggest angler in the Scottish Highlands brace himself for a long struggle; but these will not bite at a hook.

As fast as the fish are caught—the wheel runs all night, so that there is a ton or so to begin the morning's work upon; they are taken into a shed and put under the knife. With a few deft strokes the rich pink flesh of their bellies is cut out and thrown into the brine, the rest of the noble animal (fully two-thirds of its edible weight) being cast aside and wasted in what seems the most wicked fashion. The fishermen reply that the half-century of steady attack upon them has not diminished perceptibly the herds of salmon that annually ascend the great rivers; but surely sooner or later this heavy slaughter will tell upon their ranks.

The picking uses only a fraction of the whole number of salmon caught at these wheels. The remainder are strung upon a rope in strings of a dozen each. The ropes are then fastened in large bunches to air-tight casks, and sent adrift to be picked up by the canneries along the river far below, and by them used to the credit of this fishery. We had been fishing at these casks as they went bobbing past us in the river that morning, never dreaming that

they carried down a valuable freight of salmon.

The number of men who first invented the salmon wheel is a standing joke in the country; but its prototype (and suggestion) was to be seen a few rods below, where an Indian lived in a house, partly tent, partly shed, and ornamented with pictures from the illustrated papers, under trees whose lower branches were decked with the dull red rays of split salmon drying in the smoke. Out from the mossy rock where his family dwelt he had constructed a little staging of poles reaching over the rushing river. There he would stand for hours with a double-handled dip-net, sweeping the water from up-stream down, trusting to the chance of accidentally dipping up a salmon. There was no difference whatever in the principle of the Indian's dip-net and the white man's wheel, and no great disparity in their mechanism.

Farther up the river another clever Indian method of taking this lordly fish by trickery was to be seen. From one bank to the other the Indians built a solid net-work of willow sprouts, weaving the barriers upon poles driven into the river bottom about four feet apart. This fence was eighty yards long—the whole width of the Spokane River—and in the whole of it there was not a hole big enough for a salmon to crawl through. This fence, or weir, however, was not straight athwart the river. It was built in the form of a V, the point extending down-stream. At each bank was hung a small wicker door.

When the salmon come up-stream they meet the obstruction, and feel along it for a place to get through. Thus they are conducted to the small doors, which they push open with their noses, the force of the current shutting the door behind them the instant they have passed. Then they find themselves with many predecessors in a pen from which there is no exit, and every minute or two the little door opens to let in some new comer. There is no danger of their becoming crowded, however, for here stand active Indian boys, naked to their belts, skillfully and tirelessly spearing the poor salmon and tossing them out on the bank. There the girls gather them in baskets woven of spruce roots, and carry them to the squaws, who speedily cut them to pieces, and set them hanging in the smoke.

There could probably be measured five thousand miles of sea and river coast upon the Columbia, Puget Sound, the Fraser River, and the other streams of British Columbia where the salmon forms the staple food of the Indian population.—ERNEST INGERSOLL, in Harper's Weekly.

WHAT CURIOSITIES EARN.

THE WAGES OF THE GIANT, MIDGET, BEARDED LADY, FIRE-EATER AND SUCH.

There are probably a dozen first-class giants in the business," said J. E. Sackett, in answer to a question, "and they get all the way from \$50 to \$500 a week. Colonel Goshen gets \$75; Brustad, the Norwegian, gets \$75; Chang, the Chinaman, now in London, is paid £70 a week and his traveling expenses. Murphy, who is also over there and who is the tallest man in the world, gets about the same salary. Cooper, who was with Forepaugh last season, got \$200. Midgets are more numerous than giants. There are over one hundred of them now on exhibition. Tom Thumb is, of course, a high-salaried curiosity. He-Mah gets \$125 a week. Jennie Quigley receives \$50 a week, and Little Jewel is paid \$35. General Mite and Lucia Zarata, who travel together, get \$500 a week and ten per cent. of the profits of the management. Dot Notman is paid \$30; and Major Dot, \$20; Major Atom, \$75. An amiable wonder, like Charles E. Tripp, who writes and otherwise uses his feet as other people use their hands, is worth \$40 a week. The only legless man in existence outside of Walter Stuart, is Eli Brown, who has only feet and ankles growing out from his body. He commands \$50 a week and is independent, owning two large and valuable farms in Michigan. Fat women are numerous and, with one or two exceptions, do not get more than \$15 or \$20. Mile. Myers, the bearded lady, receives \$40 a week. They average about that figure. "Ventriloquists receive a weekly salary of from \$20 to \$50. Casanova, the chap who cuts men to pieces on the stage, got \$125. Fire-eaters range as low as \$15. Giovanni, the bird-trainer, \$60; Anelli and his trained birds, \$20.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A LITTLE PLACE WITH A BIG NAME.—Situated on the London and Northwestern Railway, between Bangor and Holyhead, in Anglesea county, Wales, lies the little town of Llanfairpwllgwyngygntrobbwallllysgogoch. The translation of which means Fair-Town-in-the-Water. It is noted not so much for its name as it is for the number of wild ducks that abound in its vicinity. It has a population of about 1500. Nine out of ten of them are unable to spell the name of their town correctly. In speaking of it they call it Llanfairpwll. It, without doubt, bears the longest name of any place in the world.

SENATOR BECK began life as a farmer and plantation overseer; a descendant of West Virginia, was a brakeman; Fair, a bar-tender; Farley, was a coach-driver; Morrill, a country store-keeper; Sawyer, was a laborer; and Plumb was a printer's devil.

BREAKING UP A SCHOOL.

We see by the dispatches that two boys at Cumberland, Ohio, attempted to whip a school teacher, and the teacher stabbed both the boys, killing one instantly and fatally wounding the other. There is probably no position that has more annoyance than teaching a country school where there is a lot of big boys who seem bent on mischief, and whose higher ambition is to whip the teacher, and turn him out of doors. Occasionally there is a school that comes so hard that no man will attempt to teach it, unless he is a prize fighter, and then he does not know anything but to fight. Sometimes the appointment of a beautiful and accomplished young lady as a teacher of a hard school will have a good effect, as she may be able to win the big boys by kindness. We were won that way once, and it would have been all right, only another big boy, who wanted to be won also, got jealous, and hit us on the ear with a pair of skates. We remember of attending one school that was about as hard as could be. There were six or seven boys that made it a point to see that no teacher remained in the school a full term. They would do something mean and get him to whip them, and they would all jump on him and throw him out of doors, and he would leave. Most people looked on such boys as pretty hard characters, but the rest of us, who wanted school to be closed when skating was good, looked upon them as heroes, and we all wanted to join the gang. One winter the teacher was locked out of doors and hit with a frozen snow-ball, and stood on his head and had water poured down his trousers, and he resigned and went to driving team at a saw mill. He said he had got all the teaching school he wanted, anyway. It was early in the winter term and the trustees fled around for two weeks before they found a man to take the job. It was splendid skating, and all the scholars had a good time, and there was great regret expressed, as we remember it when it was given out in church Sunday that a school would open on Monday morning. After the evening services the boys got together and talked it over, and decided to give the teacher a week. It had been thawing a day or two, and the boys could afford to spend a week in going to school and educating themselves, and so they gave him a week. On that evening we were to open the ball and do something bad to get him to lick us, and then the boys were to jump in and help. Monday morning the school commenced, and the teacher proved to be a sickly-looking, slim sort of a fellow, a timid, nervous man, with a hand and face like a girl. Every time he looked at one of the boys there seemed to be an expression on his face as though he would say, "I hope you will be good." When he had anything to say to the scholars he said "please," and gave other evidences of being pretty soft, we all thought. That morning the weather changed and it froze hard, and at recess the boys got together and said we would wind up the school before noon, and go out on the ice. It was our turn to be bad, and it commenced right off. The big boys had to carry wood and lay it down quietly by the stove. We took in an armful and dropped it on the floor so that it shook the building, and loosened the stove-pipe. The pipe came out of the chimney and filled the room with smoke, but it was put back, and the slim, sickly teacher only reprimanded us, and said that it must not occur again. We just ached to go after some more wood, but there was no opportunity. Pretty soon the teacher said we might go and get a pail of water; and while at the well we decided to stumble on entering the school room and spill the water over the floor, and thus give the sickly-looking teacher a chance to show what he was made of. The teacher was near the stove, and we stumbled, and the water went all over everything, wetting his boots and making him pretty mad. In sizing him up we had not noticed before that his eyes were as black as coals, and that he seemed to be about eight feet high, but as he looked at us we could see it plainly. He seemed to read our thoughts, and know it was done on purpose, and we have always thought he heard the boys talking all over at recess. Anyway, he jumped clear across the room, grabbed us by the neck and sat us down in the water, and then he lifted us up and shook us so that the teeth rattled in our head, and then he seemed to grab us all over and just mail us. We got a chance once or twice to look around on our